

Favors Add To Gaiety

Something About the Trifling Souvenirs Which Have Amused Grown-Ups On Occasions.

HERE should be favors at the Christmas dinner, for they are sure to add greatly to the jollity and very little to the cost of the occasion, and so are not to be omitted



Immediately the recipients formed themselves into a little German band.

on any account. Last year one member of a very large family volunteered to buy the favors and to keep them a secret until

the hour of the feast. And this she did, though with some difficulty, since there was much peering at the oddly shaped packages which she brought home with her from time to time.

When the family seated itself at the dinner table on Christmas day each found at his plate a German cracker and a parcel done up in tissue paper and tied with red ribbons. When dessert came in the crackers were pulled and the caps found within them were solemnly placed upon heads. Then the parcels were opened. These were discovered to contain musical instruments of miniature size but still capable of making a noise. There was a violin, a mouth organ, a jews-harp, a cornet, cymbals, a flute. Immediately the recipients formed themselves into a little German band for the express purpose of playing the Christmas carols and "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot," but also, so quaint not to say grotesque was the result of their performance that soon all of the players on the mouth instruments had to fall out from laughing, and only the drum and cymbals were left to carry on the music. Of course it was all very absurd but who wants to be sensible on Christmas day?

At another dinner table the favors were children's toys, tiny hoops, marbles, tops, little dolls and go-carts. And later in the drawing-room grown men sitting flat upon the floor, renewed their acquaintance with marbles and spinning tops to the derision and scorn of the observers, and grown women played again with wax babies, to the infinite amazement of the real children of the house, who looked on in sober disapproval of the frivolity of their elders.

The favors may be as cheap as it is pleased to have them, but they must be clever if they are to add anything to the gaiety, not of nations but of neighbors.

Christmas Waits Revived

How One Neighborhood Restored This Old Custom

NEVER," said the lady who carried six wreaths of holly on one arm and a miniature Christmas tree with both hands, to her neighbor in the street car, "Never have I had so good a time as on last Christmas Eve, and we are going to do it again this year."

"I wish that man would take his old hobby horse off my lap," whispered her neighbor, irritably. "Do what again?"

"Go a-waiting," replied the other, shifting her tree the better to protect her nose from the tickle of the mistletoe carried by the man hanging to the strap above her. "That is go

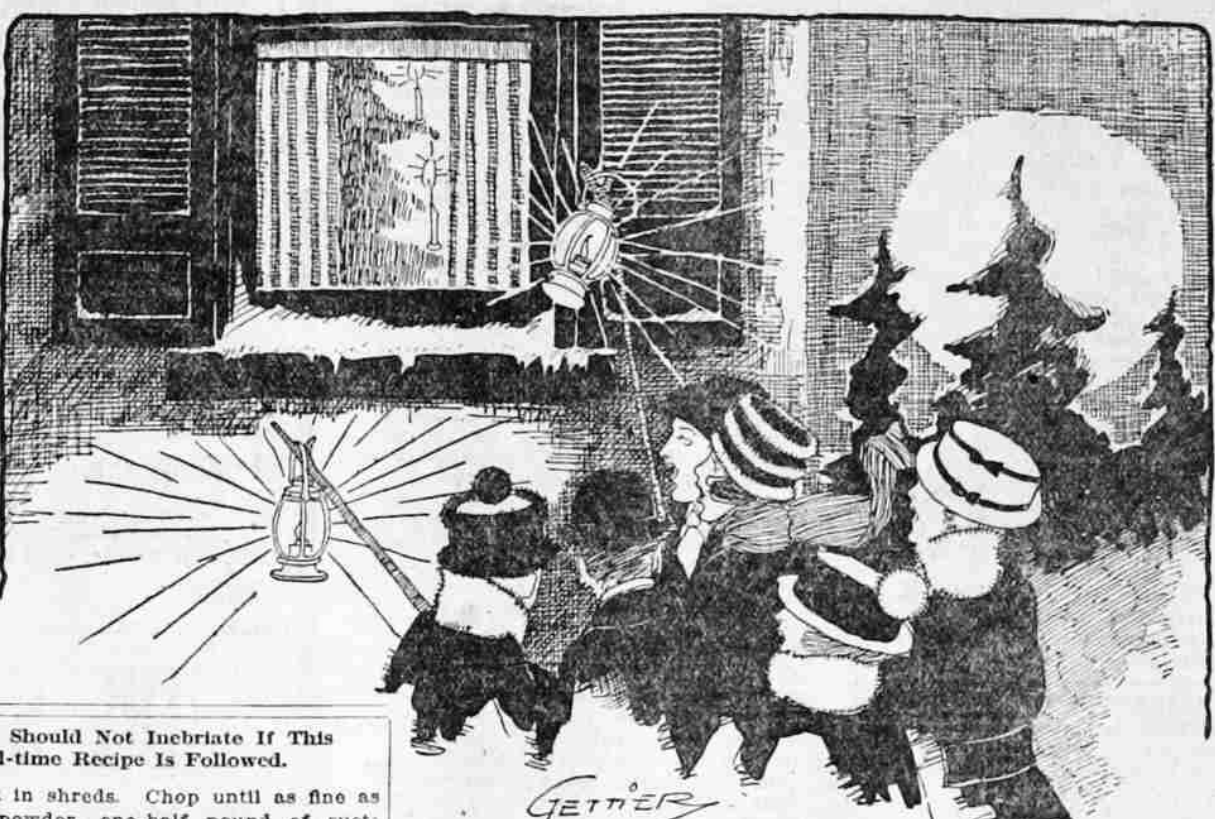
out as waits. You thought the waits were all dead and gone, did you not? Then listen, my dear: You know that I live in a suburban place where the neighbors are sufficiently far apart not to know what each other is going to have for dinner, and where there is a maximum of friendliness with a minimum of intimacy; which is the very nicest way a neighborhood can be, I think. At all events, I had a house party of relatives over last Christmas and at dinner on Christmas Eve someone suggested that we go to the various nearby houses and sing the Christmas carols. The rest of us regarded the idea as a real inspiration

joined us, so that when at midnight we began:

"It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,"

it sounded like a great church choir. "The echoes of our adventure have not died out of that neighborhood yet. People still tell me that when in the midst of their labors there arose on the still winter air the words:

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing ye dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born this happy day!"



"It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old."

and at ten o'clock we started forth." "At the first house at which we stopped we began 'Come Hither Ye Faithful,' and the people in the house, who were trimming the tree, came running excitedly to the windows, and as soon as they realized what we were about, joined in the singing, so that really a respectable volume of sound was raised.

"We sang three carols here and when we went on some of these people shuffled into their coats and came with us, and there was snow on the ground, and what with the lanterns, and what with the holly wreaths we carried, we made a picturesque group. Well we sang at twenty houses that night and at each one or two people

they felt a thrill such as they had not experienced for many a year, for it came to them suddenly there in the midst of their worldly diversions the real meaning of the season of peace on earth, good will to men, and they say that the thrill remained long after we had passed."

"It could be done in our neighborhood, I suppose," said the friend, not noticing that the hobby horse, with distended nostrils, now started her in the face.

"Of course it could. Try it and see how much pleasure it gives you and everyone else," answered the woman with the tree, as she took up her burden and staggered toward the door.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS

And It Should Not Inebriate If This Old-time Recipe Is Followed.

WITH a wave of prohibition sweeping over the country one wonders if it is safe even to give a recipe for egg-nog, and yet there are regions, convivial regions, where Christmas is not considered the real thing unless a great bowl of this drink is placed on some convenient table where guests, as Gaiety Gamp would say—or was it Betsy Prig—may put their lips to it "whenever they feel so disposed."

So here's a recipe for it, an old and tried recipe which has been handed down in one family for generations. And it's a beverage to tempt the anchorite:

Beat the yolks of twelve eggs to a cream with one-half pound of powdered sugar, pour in slowly one-half pint of brandy, one-half pint rum, and four wine glasses of brown sherry. Fold in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and add one pint of

cream and two quarts of milk.

Some persons substitute whiskey for the sherry, and it will do equally well. As necessary to Christmas cheer as egg-nog, in the minds of many people, is the plum pudding with which the Christmas dinner so often ends. There are a thousand recipes for plum pudding, all of which bear so strong a family resemblance that they may be suspected of having sprung from the same mother. Here is one that has been tested in scores of households.

Plum pudding: Soak one-half pound of stale bread crumbs in one cup of scalded milk and let stand until cool; then add one-fourth pound of sugar, the beaten yolks of four eggs, one-half pound of raisins, seeded and floured, one-fourth pound of currants, one-fourth pound of chopped figs and two ounces of citron

cut in shreds. Chop until as fine as a powder, one-half pound of suet; combine the mixtures and add one-fourth cup wine and brandy mixed, one-half a grated nutmeg, three-fourths teaspoon cinnamon, one-third teaspoon cloves, one-third teaspoon mace, one and one-half teaspoon salt, and the beaten whites of the four eggs.

A brandy sauce should be served with this. There are of course venders who use a hard sauce with it, but these are the people who love to smash traditions.

Brandy sauce: Mix one-half cup sugar, one-half tablespoon corn starch, and a few grains of salt. Add gradually, while stirring constantly, one cup boiling water, and boil five minutes. Remove from fire, add one tablespoon lemon juice and two tablespoons brandy. Serve smoking hot.

THE TOWNBREDS & their Country Place

By Edward Riddle Padgett.

Christmas At Five Oaks

THEIR first Christmas in the country! And the Townbreds determined it should be a banner one; moreover, that it should be quite different from the apartment-house sort they had observed before they moved out to Five Oaks.

So preparations were begun in ample time. It was rather startling when the "lists" had been made. In the city, for instance, they had had but one servant and the janitor to remember. But in the country—well, there were two servants and a dozen other worthy servants who had been called in from time to time for "odd jobs"—and would be called in again! But there were compensations. Many of the things needed for a country gentleman's celebration of Christmas were to be found right on said country gentleman's place—provided he had provided himself a farmer and not wholly an "agriculturalist." And Mr. Townbred was exactly that. Mr. Townbred had, under her management the past summer the crops had waxed fat and prosperous.

For their Christmas dinner a lordly gobbler, grown insolent indeed since he had escaped the Thanksgiving ax, was sacrificed; and a squealing little pig was caught, properly attended to and placed on the biggest meat dish with a rosy apple in his mouth.

Then, too, there were pies from the Townbred's own pumpkins; cider from apples gathered on the Townbred place; to say nothing of the common run of vegetables such as potatoes, celery, canned tomatoes and corn, etc.—all of them raised within sight of the house.

But the high-tide of their pride was reached when, a day or two before Christmas, Mr. Townbred returned with a medium-sized Christmas tree—cut from off their own woodland!

And on Christmas Eve, apparently, old Santa Claus had no difficulty locating them at their new address, for when Christmas morning dawned the tree was all trimmed and ablaze with candles, and mysteriously wrapped parcels fairly littered the living room.

Then the celebration began—even before breakfast, mind you!

For Mrs. Townbred, carefully bound up in many, many layers of tissue paper and then further concealed in a large hat box, there was a miniature house, which cost all of fifteen cents, tied with red ribbon, and meant to be a reminder of her agricultural

achievements. There was real consternation in her face when she found it; though that quickly changed to an almost childish joy and surprise when Mr. Townbred gave her her real present—a watch of peculiar design which she had long admired.

Then Mr. Townbred revealed for a while in such things as a new robe for his auto, a dressing gown guaranteed to keep out the cold even in a country living room, a box of cigars selected by a mutual man friend and therefore smokable and, of course, the inevitable "something for the house" which a wife somehow considers a suitable Christmas present for "hubby." Christmas greetings were exchanged with the unwrapping of each present.

And then the servants were called in. For Virgie, the cook, there were such things as a new handkerchief, a dozen handkerchiefs, several pairs of stock-

rubber like the red band on the black funnel of a Trans-Atlantic steamer.

Virgie had a little remembrance for Mrs. Townbred, and one with which the latter was really delighted—two "all over aprons," hand-made, to be worn when she was fussing around with her chickens and collecting the eggs from their nests.

And Mutt? Their little Cuban poodle who ruled the roost? Was he remembered? Was he? Why, bless us, if every child in the United States had as good a chance of being remembered on Christmas Day as had Mutt, there'd be not a single hearthstone in the land without its Christmas cheer.

But Mutt, somehow, wasn't exactly crazy about his Christmas present. It was a little red and black sweater—red body with black collar and black around the edges. Truth to tell, the pampered rascal didn't quite know

came again. He rolled over and over on the floor, bit and pawed at the offensive garment and finally darted madly up the stairs, through the rooms on the second floor, downstairs again, through the kitchen and out into the back yard where Gene, the Townbred's collier, took one look at his changed playmate and himself beat it for the far edge of the corn-field.

And when Mutt finally did return, convinced that he couldn't run away from it, the sweater was a sight to behold. So, to let the little rascal see that all Christmas presents weren't quite so unpleasant, he was given a bite or two of the especially choice meat that Santa Claus had left for Gene.

Then came breakfast, and such a one as befits a Christmas morning in the country—sausages from your own hogs, scrapple, eggs just out of the nest, buckwheat cakes—the old-fashioned "black" kind—and milk which would pass in any city as "double cream."

After breakfast, of course, there were a few little remembrances to be sent to neighbors. So John—overjoyed at the opportunity, for it meant a "tip" at every house visited—was allowed to depart with the parcels on Lady Flirt, Mr. Townbred's fine saddle mare.



The pampered little rascal didn't quite know what it was.

ings, one of Mrs. Townbred's old hats trimmed over, a pair of gloves, a box of candy and a bowl of nuts and a five dollar bill in an envelope.

And John, too, received an envelope, a new pipe with a large jar of tobacco; but the thing which held him spellbound in admiration was a pair of high-top rubber boots, their red tops shining out against the black

what it was, though he smelled at it suspiciously as Mr. Townbred leaned down and showed it to him.

Alas, however, when his master had seized him and, despite his struggles, pulled it on over his head and forced his front legs through the proper opening, Mutt was no longer in doubt. To judge from his actions, he didn't care if Christmas never

And the Townbreds hooked Old Bob to the sleigh—of course it was a "white Christmas"—and drove merrily over to wish several of their more intimate neighbors a "Merry Christmas"—which meant more hilarity and Christmas cheer.

Late in the afternoon dinner was served and every living thing on the Townbred place—even including Ich-

LITTLE FABLES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

The Real Thing

HERE was once a certain Young Man who Went In For this Christmas-Gift Stuff for the same reason most Everybody does—because he Had To.

He took it Seriously and he wished there really was a Santa Claus. Being a Popular Hombre this Gift-Stuff took a Hefty Fall out of him each year. He had a Good Memory so he couldn't rely on the Usual Alibi. He made out Christmas Gift Lists and went over them for Several Round Trips making Stop-Overs to be sure he hadn't Missed any Stations. And on each Trip he would Add another Name.

Of course Efficiency was his Watch-word—and he never Plunked Down One Plunk for a Christmas present when Something that Would Do Just As Well could be Hoisted For Four Bils.

There's no doubt about it, he was a Careful Cuss that way! With the exception of Pa and Ma and Brother Bill and Sister Sue and Her there wasn't a Person he "Remembered" whom he wouldn't rather have Forgot. But he feared Said Persons would "Remember" him and he couldn't bear the thought of Looking like a Piker or like a fellow who didn't understand the Real Spirit of Christmas. That was why he was willing to be such a Gnat.

To look at him, you'd think he wanted Xmas to come as regularly as his Board Bill. If he had Six Kids writing Notes to Santa Claus and a half-dozen Presents for them to Smuggle in the Back Way along with the Tree, he couldn't have seemed More Interested.

Among those who knew him he was a Careful Bull's-Eye. Send him any old thing, they said, and he's

There with a Comeback worth having—with a 100 per cent. sure-fire Profit to them.

The dear Girls never gave him a

Christmas as he seemed. He had a

Grouch on because he always Came Out at the short end of the Horn.

He meted with good measure but, alas, he never Received it in return.

The Exchange of Presents always left him on the Small End.

If he sent a Book—just by way of showing how Bad it was—he invariably got a Christmas Card in return.

If he sent a box of Real Cigars, he'd be handed a tin can of Pipe Fuel. If he instructed a Five Pound Box of Candy to convey his "Merry Christmas" to a Damsel, he'd get in return a Scented Note of appreciation with a Sprig of Holly Label pasted on the Back.

But there was one place where he got more than his Money's Worth. He could have sent his Bank Book and his Hope of Salvation to that place as Christmas Remembrances and still come out On Top when he opened his Comeback from there.

Till Christmas was his Home and the Comeback was the Box his Ma always sent. Our Hero, you see, lived in a Different Burg and existed in a Boarding House. And always this Box reached him on Christmas Eve. It never failed.

He'd lug it up to his Room and straightway Get Busy with an Ax.

Then he'd Gloat over his Treasures like a Miser. Chocolate cake! Preserves! Home-made pickle! Mince Pie! Sweet Cider! Ginger cookies! Fruit cake! A genuine ham, already Baked. Rolls that Ma herself had made! Woolen socks and even the inevitable Red Flannel chest protector!

That was something like! That was the Real Thing! Why, that was Christmas! Moral:—Let the Home Folks know where you are!

Now Our Hero wasn't really as

Chance. They didn't even wonder whether or not he would Come Across. They just marked him down as Present when counting up the Gifts they hoped to Get. And Old Reliable never Disappointed. They used to laugh at his Tissue Paper, Red Ribbon and Christmas Seals, but they lost no time getting the Little Box unwrapped.

Now Our Hero wasn't really as

the lame duck—ate to "the bursting point."

Then followed an afternoon of "open house," with numerous Christmas goodies, liquids and tid-bits, with friends "just dropping in" to exchange the season's greetings.

And in the evening a long sleigh ride, bells a-jingle, under the smiling stars to the county-seat, where a big "country-side" dance lasted until the wee sma' hours.

A dash homeward over the sparkling snow amidst a long procession of sleighs, their occupants calling out to each other gaily and singing—in tune or out of tune, but singing nevertheless—the old-fashioned songs—

—Christmas in the country! Beat it, nay, even equal it in the city—if you can!

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SEASONABLE JOTTINGS

DO not give only to those who gave to you last year. Send at least one present to someone who does not expect it, to whom it will come as a surprise and consequently as a delight; to some lonely and sad old person, preferably.

Tie up your bundles attractively. A little white tissue paper and red ribbon, a sprig of holly, will glorify even the least expensive gift.

Pity the sorrows of the poor old saleswoman and do not harrow her feelings any more than is absolutely necessary this week; do not expect her to decide whether the blue or the pink pin-cushion is the prettier; do

not demand her judgment as to what you had best give your mother-in-law.

Now more than at any other time of the year procrastination is the thief of time.

And now for Christmas Eve. Is there anyone here who would not like to be a child again on that day; to feel the old thrill, to hear the mysterious whispers in the hall, and glimpse the bundles hidden under coats?

Put candles as well as wreaths in your windows to welcome the Christ-child.

And be sure to hang up your stockings.

obtained by serving the cranberry jelly in one great star-shaped mold, or in individual molds in the shape of a star. In the latter case one is placed at each plate, of course.

The salad may consist of a macedoine of vegetables—celery, beets and lettuce—arranged in a great star on a large flat dish. If mince pies instead of plum puddings form the dessert, make them in tart pans and ornament with a star of whipped cream.

The plum pudding itself may be made an interesting feature if it is steamed in a long cylindrical mold and scored to represent a Yule log. When it has been decorated with sprays of holly, has had brandy poured about it and a match set to the brandy, and is brought in blazing, the excitement will be intense.

Even the turkey may be decorated with frills—easily cut from stiff white paper—about his neck and legs, and with tiny balls of potatoes, stars cut from beets, and bunches of parsley surrounding him on the dish.

The housekeeper is herewith warned not to forget the decorative qualities of cranberries. Cranberries speared upon toothpicks, look not unlike cherries, and used to garnish a salad for instance, will turn a prosaic dish into one of great beauty which will delight the eyes of all beholders.

Take it all in all the fruits of the earth are not to be despised as picturesque material.



Generally the turkey forms the piece de resistance of the Christmas dinner.